that unique feeling of sucking and being sucked. Troy could feel the sperm inside his sac boiling up like steam in a kettle. He didn't want to cum . . . not yet.

"Let's don't hurry, man," he suggested. "It's even better if you wait." Like a student to his teacher, Ike nodded in agreement.

For a while they took turns drawing on each other's cock, trying new positions, new ways to touch and feel. Standing on the chair with his legs spread, Troy's body seemed to float away with pleasure as Ike inserted his tongue into the crack of Troy's ass, licking the slit between his buttocks.

Ike had been skeptical when Troy suggested that he ball Ike, but curiosity and desire overcoming his fears and doubts, Ike soon produced a bottle of Vaseline. He felt Troy's skilled fingers probing into the opening of his anal canal. It was a totally new sensation, and it stimulated him in a way that he had never known before. His cavern was tight, but with work the muscle began to relax, and soon he felt the slippery head of Troy's cock slip into the opening. He jerked in pain, causing Troy to pull out quickly.

"Oh, hell no, man," Ike pleaded. "Don't stop."

Encouraged by Ike, Troy tried again and soon his shaft was buried deep inside Ike's bunghole. Ike moaned as the steel rod pounded into him again and again. Troy fucked him harder as the tight walls of Ike's channel stroked Troy's rod like many slippery fingers.

They tried several positions until, finally, as Ike sat astride Troy's rigid tool grinding his buttocks in a circular motion, both boys could control themselves no longer. Troy pumped Ike's rod as a shower of white velvet semen shot into the air and fell like warm rain on Troy's chest. Inside Ike's body Troy's cock emptied its heavy load coating the walls of Ike's canal with warm rich milk. Ike fell forward onto Troy's

(Continued on page 13)

chest for a while and they did not move but lay enjoying the closeness of their sweating bodies.

"Wow!" Ike murmured into Troy's chest. "I guess I have missed something."

Soon, their energies regained, the boys let their minds and desires run free as they turned the house into a sexual playground. Ike was anxious to know what it felt like to ball a guy, and his curiosity was soon satisfied as he plunged his organ into the deep recesses of Troy's channel. It was so very tight. The small circular sphincter contracting around his erect rod seemed as if it would almost pull the sperm out of him as he thrust in and out of Troy's hole.

Lying on his back with his legs over Ike's shoulders, Troy could feel Ike's huge tool banging against the very base of his cock somewhere deep inside his body. He reached up and pulled Ike's head down towards him till their lips met in a fierce kiss. Ike had, of course, never kissed a guy before, but he enjoyed it. He liked the passionate intensity that Troy conveyed to him as their lips melted together.

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Moving to the bedroom they continued their sexual picnic. Before long Ike was climbing to a climax as Troy sucked on the delicate head of his shiny tool. As Troy felt Ike's rod growing still larger with the hot load that was welling up inside it, he thrust his forefinger deep into Ike's asshole, pushing up against the base of his organ . . . Ike's orgasm began. Like nothing he had ever known before, the fiery cum seemed to burn its way up his cock tearing through the slit as if it threatened to split the head wide open.

With his finger buried deep, Troy continued to push against Ike's jerking muscle as Ike's body convulsed with a climax that left him weak. For almost an hour Ike lay peacefully, barely able to move.

Then, Troy's gentle caresses began to awaken him and arouse his desire anew. Once more he took Troy's tool into his mouth and sucked it until Troy was panting and begging for release. Suddenly Troy withdrew from his mouth and once again slipped the lubricated pole inside Ike's tender cavern. This time it was even better for Ike. His body was relaxed, and he was fully enjoying that rigid meat that was tearing through his insides filling up his dark cave. He was almost sorry when, with a groan, Troy pulled his cock out just as the silken liquid began to pour forth. Like a hot sticky river it spilled over the crack of Ike's buttocks and ran down his back as Troy continued to pump his organ dry.

In the course of the afternoon, Ike lost track of how many times he climaxed. Every new delight that Troy showed him seemed to arouse and excite him in a different way. When, at length, Troy kissed him goodbye and left, he fell onto his bed, his head still swimming from the day's adventures. One thing was certain: Ike had decidedly lost *that* argument. But he didn't mind, because in losing—he had really won!

Hard Not to Love

One of the biggest advantages to having a roommate for a lover is the ability one rapidly acquires of having sex without all the formalities. Tim and Barry had been roommates for almost a year and lovers for even longer. Their love for each other went much deeper than the sexual element of their life together, although sex was still a very important factor and was much better because of the sincerity of the boys' feelings for each other.

Today the two of them had landed at their apartment at about the same time during breaks in their class schedules. "Why don't we go to bed?" Barry suggested. "I'm horny as hell!"

"Sure, babe," Tim agreed. "Why not? We got a whole half hour."

Even after months of being together, the two still got a kick out of undressing each other, although today that formality was somewhat rushed. Out of their clothes and into the bed, the boys were soon involved in heavy lovemaking: exciting each other in the ways that they had learned from their long time together.

Each boy's organ responded quickly to the other's touch and soon their erect cocks quivered to unload their heavy loads of sticky semen. Their bodies inter-

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twined around each other like snakes, massaging and kissing. With their tongues and lips they sought out each other's armpits and then licked downward, caressing each other's throbbing rod, each lapping deep into the valley between the other's buttocks.

Tim let his tongue wander slowly, carefully, down the length of Barry's legs, playing around his kneecaps and stopping at his feet where he began to suck gently on Barry's toes savoring each one as if it were a different delicious fruit. Barry continued, meanwhile, to shove his tongue deeper into Tim's anal canal. He spread Tim's muscular melons wide and licked the length of the deep divide between the buttocks.

Coming back together again each boy took the other's cock and began to stroke it gently, becoming increasingly more frantic as the churning in each of their loins became more definite. They mashed their mouths together in a kiss filled with love and passion. Barry licked deep into Tim's ears while Tim with his other hand kneaded Barry's breasts. Again and again their bodies slapped together as their stroking became more frantic and forceful. Each could feel the other nearing orgasm.

It was a very special time, particularly because they were in love. As it was every time they had sex, each delighted as much in giving pleasure to the other one as in receiving it. Now neither of them could contain the pressures that were building inside his sturdy shaft. Inside their sacs the testicles pulled up tightly against the bases of their shivering penises. With one motion each boy arched his back, thrusting his pelvis into the air, as the first pearly drops gushed out of the tube and fell warmly onto his skin. Like a geyser the silken sperm came spitting upwards as each boy ground his pulsating rod harder and harder into the other's palm. Each of them tightened his grip on the other's organ and pumped it mercilessly until it was drained.

Exhausted and satiated they moved close in a tender lingering kiss, rubbing their chests and bellies together and feeling their warm spunk mixing together on their bodies. Reaching down Barry gathered up some of the silky liquid in his hand and pressed it into Tim's open palm. They rubbed their hands together enjoying the sticky sauce that flowed out between their fingers and down the backs of their hands. Again their mouths melted together in a loving kiss.

Ready now to face an afternoon of classes, the two hurried out of bed. There was just time enough for a quick shower together before they had to rush back across campus and into their first sessions of the afternoon.

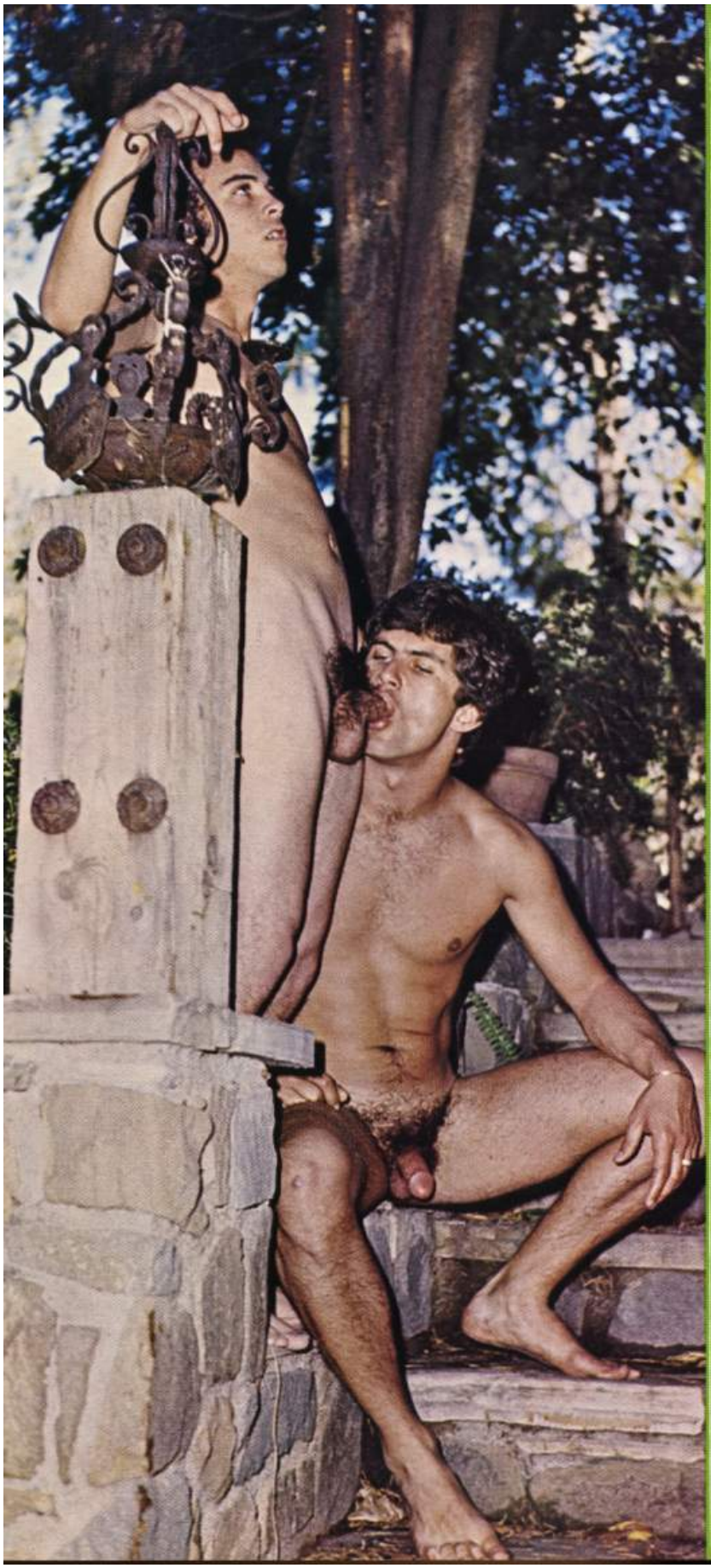
It had been only a brief moment together, but like every moment to people in love, it was special and important, reaffirming the love that each of them felt inside.

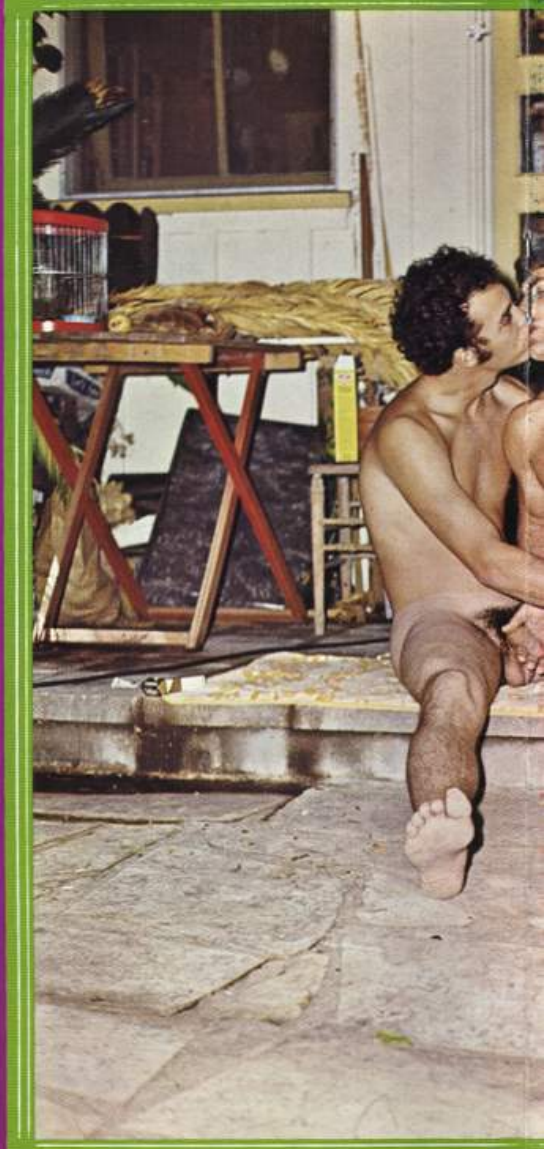
A HARD LOOK

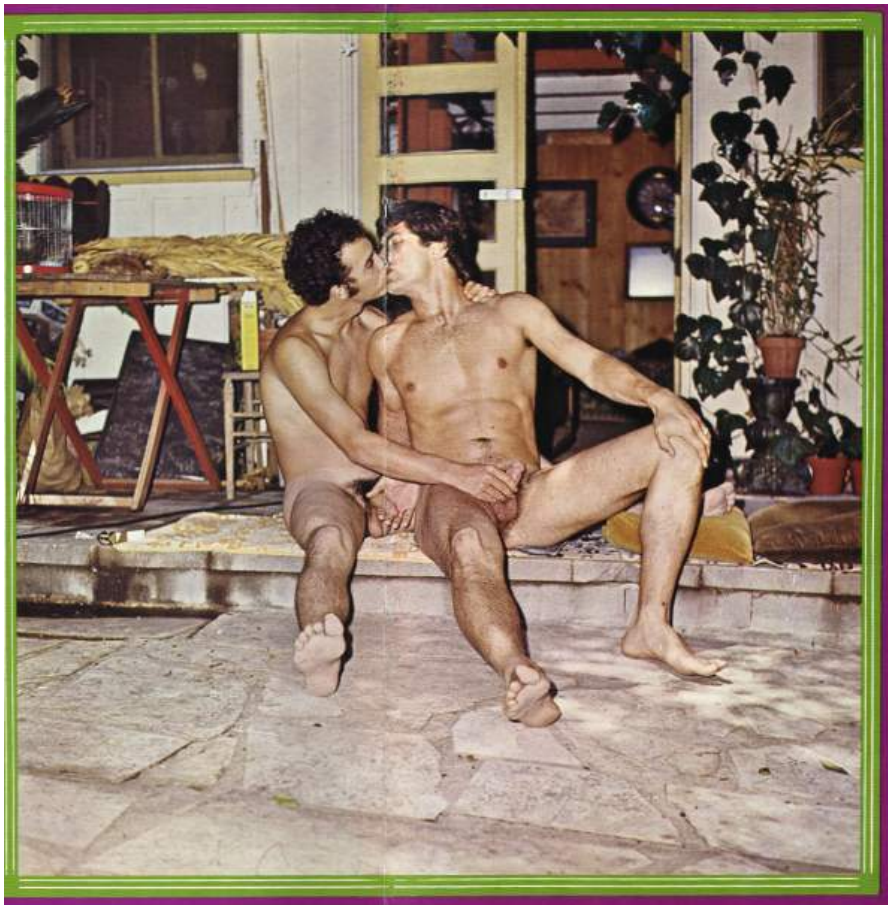
Johnny Mondo and Jim Randall had modeled together several times, both of them being exceptionally handsome and, therefore, constantly in demand. Their relationship, however, had never gone any further than their work, and the two actually knew nothing about each other's private lives. Consequently, they felt somewhat awkward when, on a modeling assignment for men's underwear, the photographer announced that something was wrong with his camera and that he would have to go back to town for a new one, leaving the two boys alone to get better acquainted.

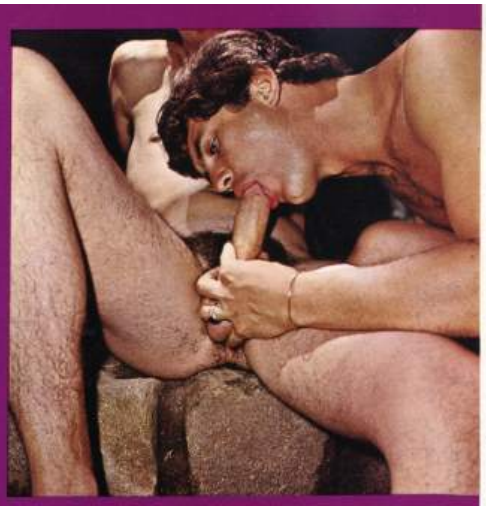
For a while they made small talk about work, all the while each boy was secretly admiring the other's body. They had never worked together on this kind of assignment, so it really was the first time they had gotten to see each other nearly nude. Each silently liked what he saw but was afraid to comment.

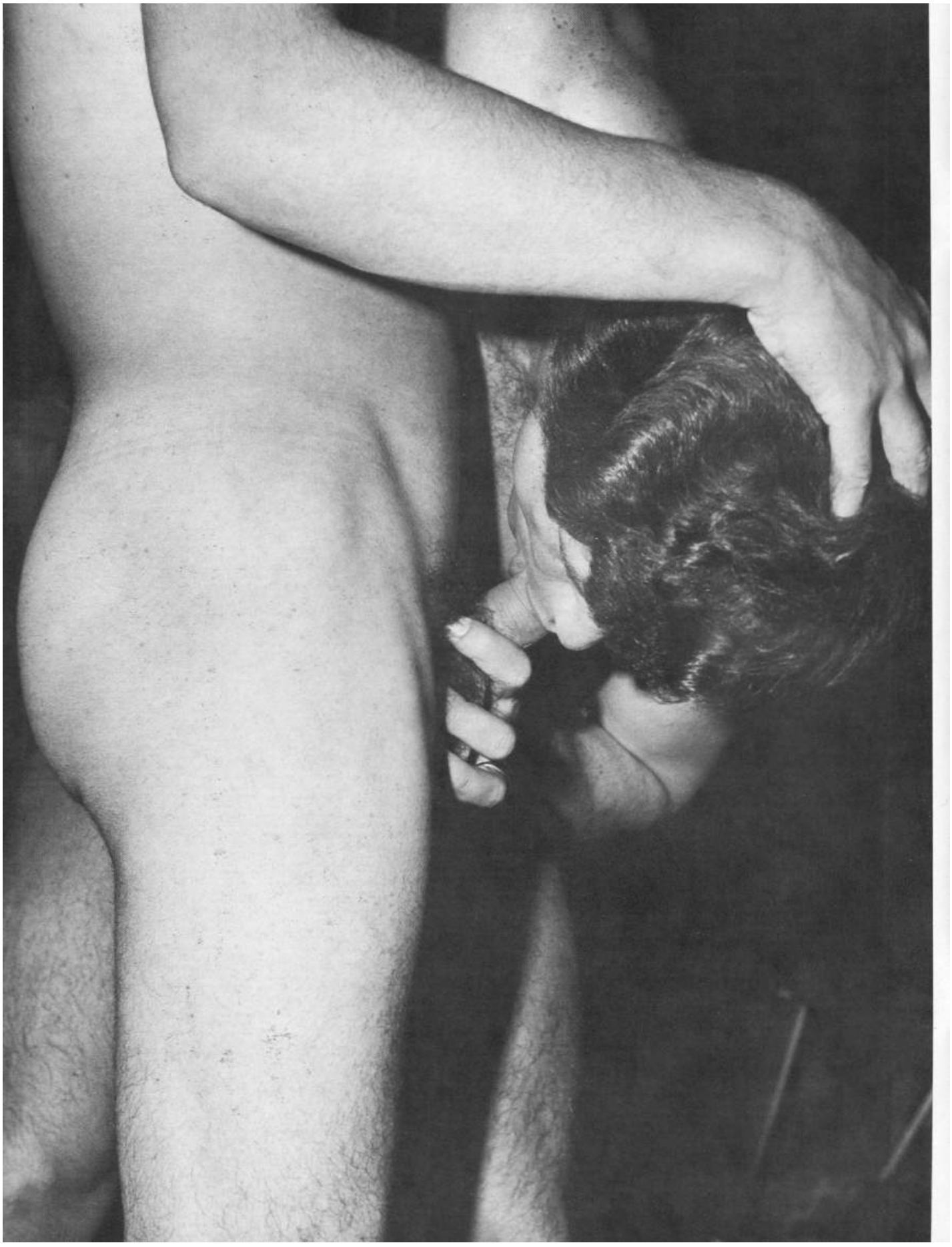
To ease the tension while they waited, Jim suggested they walk through the woods around the farmhouse location where they were shooting. Gradually the two relaxed as the conversation began to flow more easily. (Continued on page 28)

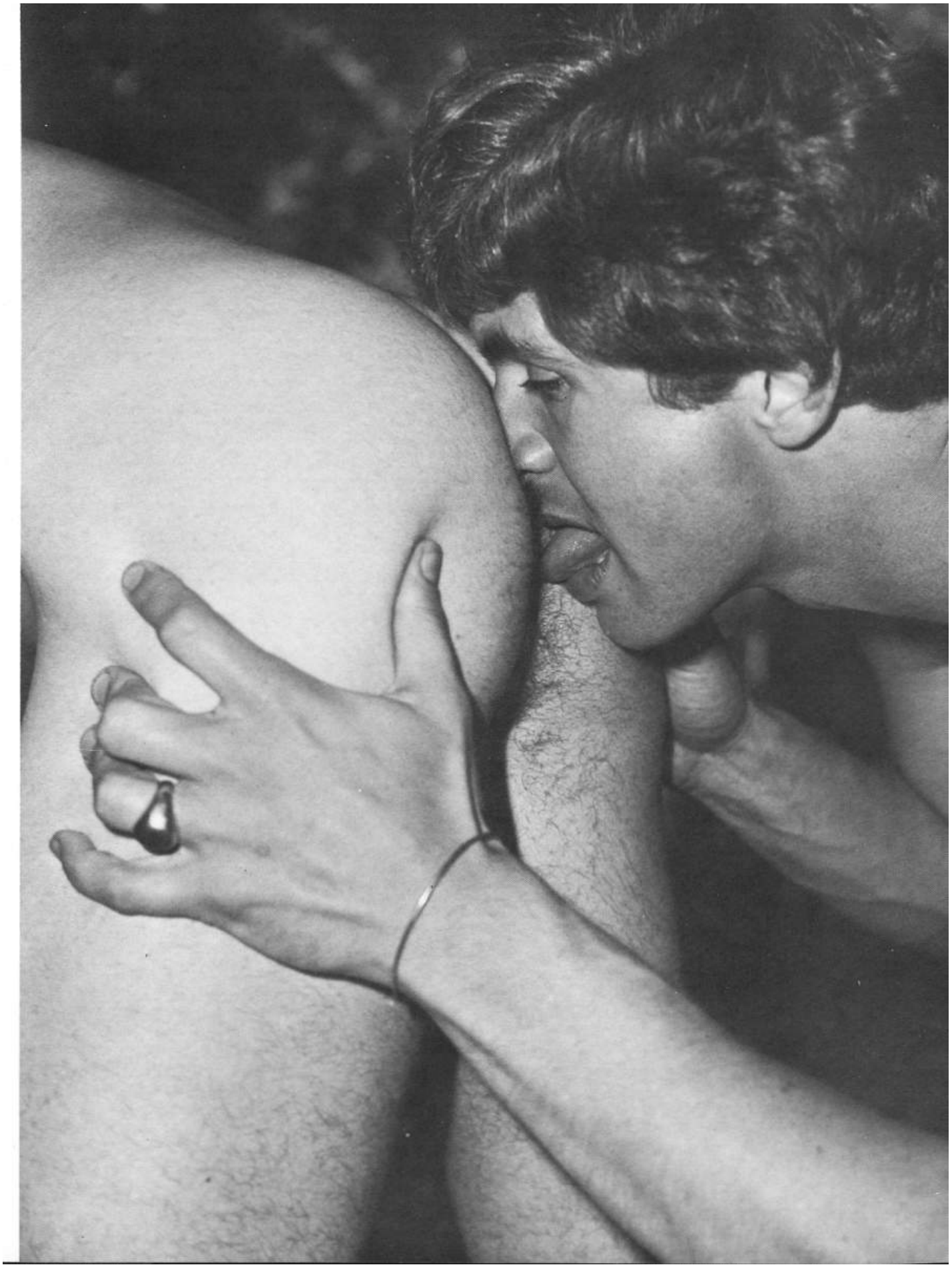


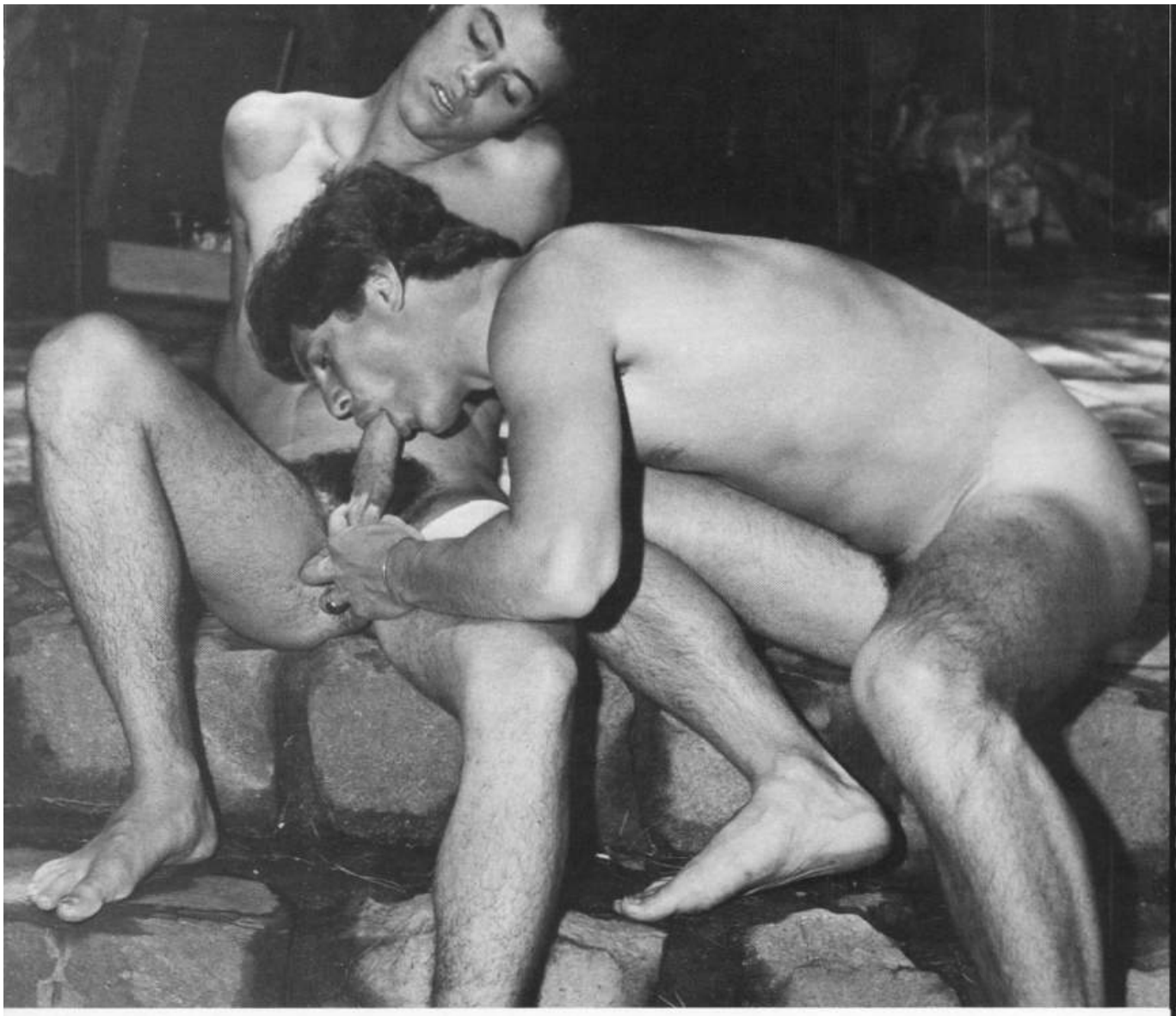












"You know," Johnny said, "I get so fucking tired of changing clothes all day for pictures, I generally don't even wear any when I'm at home."

"Must be some sort of model's syndrome," Jim laughed. "Neither do I. In fact, I was just thinking how nice it would be to run through these woods naked as a jaybird!"

"Well, no one's stopping us," Johnny encouraged. "Besides, we don't want to dirty up this nice clean underwear, anyway."

Chuckling, the boys were soon out of their clothes enjoying the soft play of woodland breezes across their bodies. After a vigorous romp through the woods, they sat down on the steps of the patio to rest.

Jim was the first to really break the ice. "You know, you've got a very nice body," he said smiling at Johnny.

"Thanks," came Johnny's reply. "I wish it were as good as yours."

Their talk slowly became bolder, more honest, and soon the two were lying together leisurely fondling and stroking each other's organs. Jim held Johnny's tool in his hand feeling its warmth. He ran his fingers

through the dark curly pubic hair. Lowering his head he ran the tip of his tongue up and down Johnny's half-limp cock. Slowly the meat began to take shape in his hand until it no longer felt soft and flexible. Now erect, the muscles in it were taut and hard. He sucked the soft round head into his mouth and bathed the tiny pink slit with his tongue. Johnny's pelvis jerked sensitively in response.

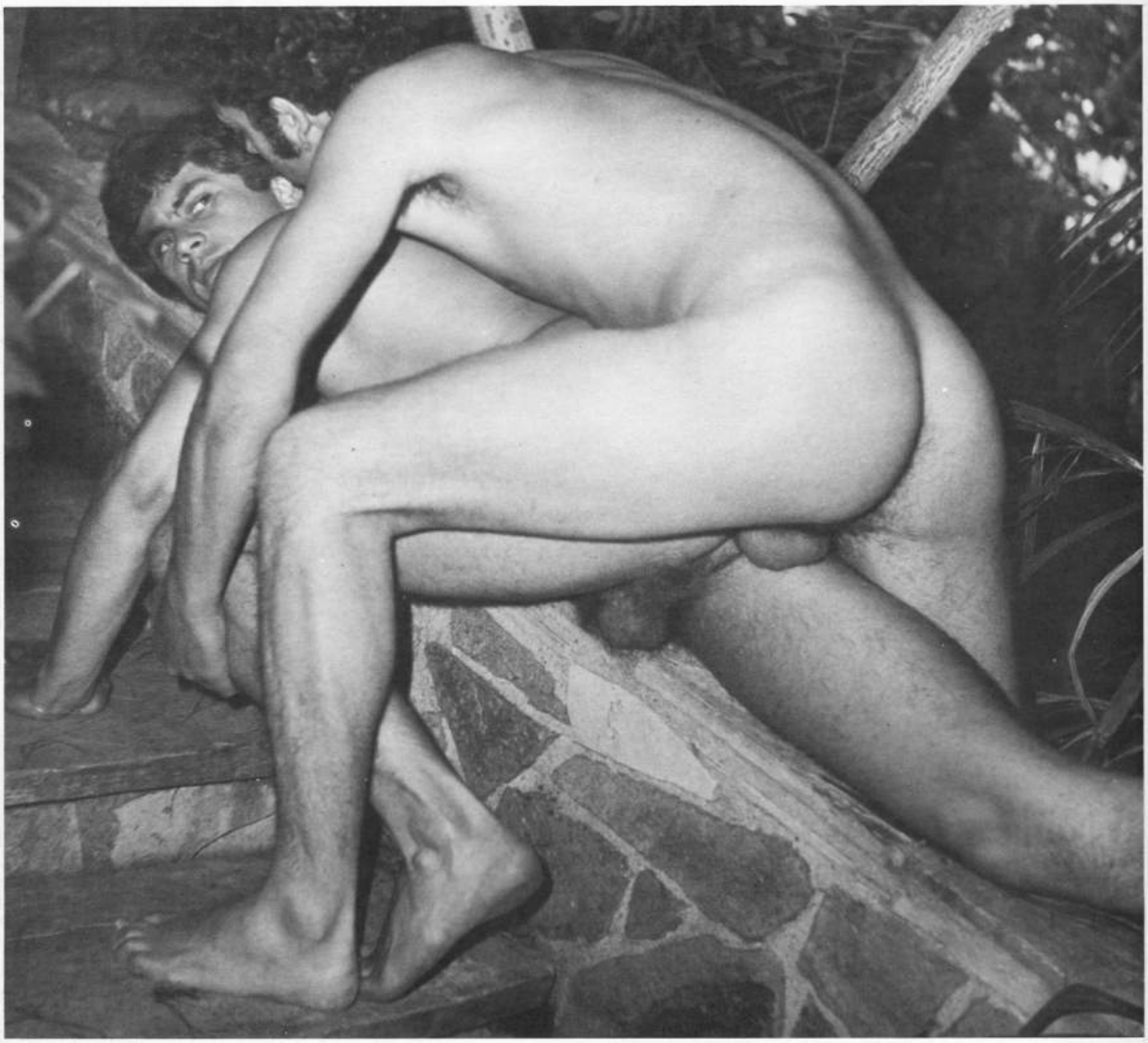
Meanwhile, Jim's rod stood stiff and demanding. Johnny began to stroke it, feeling Jim respond to his touch by thrusting upward with his buttocks. For a while he just stared at the beautiful piece of manhood he held in his hand. Then leaning over he took the inviting member into his mouth.

For a while the two continued their oral pleasures. Then pulling his cock from Johnny's mouth, Jim moved down and began to lick around the golden sac that held Johnny's large sauce-filled balls. He darted his tongue in and out as he licked Johnny's thigh between his balls and his leg. Breathing deep he filled his lungs with the delicious musky odor of Johnny's sex. Licking deeper between Johnny's legs, his tongue soon found that hidden opening to other treasures.

He began to lap at the brown circular doorway swirling his tongue over the tiny hairs that stood like guards around the entrance to Johnny's canal. Making his tongue stiff he probed into the canal tasting the pungent aroma so special to that area of the body.

Johnny reacted by pushing his buttocks into Jim's face feeling Jim's moist tongue sink deeper into the opening. The sensation sent a spark shivering through Johnny's body. He grabbed his pounding rod and began to stroke it feverishly as Jim continued to lick the inside of his tight canal.

After a while Jim raised Johnny's legs, bracing them against his shoulders, and placed his stiff cock



against Johnny's well-lubricated sphincter. With only a slight shove, the head of his organ entered the dark cavern. Johnny moaned with delight and anticipation. Thrusting forward with his buttocks, Jim's rod was soon buried to the hilt inside Johnny's warm cave. Johnny continued to pump at his steaming tool while Jim's shaft drove like a piston in and out of his rectum.

Groaning with animal lust the two bodies slammed against each other in the ever-increasing throes of desire until, with a scream of pleasure, Jim's sperm shot up the tube of his cock exploding like a million tiny bombs inside Johnny's intestine. Jim jerked spasmodically, each time thrusting his enormous rod deeper into Johnny's bunghole until Johnny felt as if all the space inside his body had been consumed by Jim's organ.

As if Jim's climax had triggered the same response in Johnny, the testicles in Johnny's sac pulled up tightly against the base of his cock, and the first white hot drops of semen burst from his tiny slit. Quickly Jim covered the end of Johnny's rod with his mouth sucking deep and swallowing hard as an endless stream of the milky fluid poured into his mouth and throat. Johnny's pelvis jerked uncontrollably. With his hands on top of Jim's head, he forced Jim's mouth further down onto his tool until his rod was completely swallowed up in Jim's mouth.

At length Jim let the penis fall from his mouth while he gasped for air, his head resting on Johnny's belly. A small trickle of cum spilled over his lip and ran down the side of his face. He wiped it away with his hand feeling the stickly warmth between his fin-

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gers. For a while they rested regaining their strength for another encounter.

Johnny's asshole ached from the work that Jim's huge machine had done on it. He reached down with his finger and probed inside his hole, now slippery and thick with Jim's cum. Removing his finger he found it was covered with the white silky semen. Lifting Jim's head gently off his stomach he pushed him over onto his side. Jim's well-built body responded readily to Johnny's desires. Taking the warm cream that was on his finger, Johnny inserted it in the crack between Jim's two muscular melons. Rubbing his finger back and forth across the opening to Jim's canal, the area was soon slick and ready to be opened. He inserted the end of his finger into the hole feeling the

warmth of Jim's inner body. Shoving harder he felt the muscles of the intestine parting to permit the entry of this foreign object.

Now Jim was beginning to come to life, the sharp jabbing inside his canal causing his organ to spring jerkily upwards. Then there was a new sensation as Johnny removed his finger and placed the head of his large tool against the tiny round opening. Covered as the hole was with lubricant, Johnny's rod slid inside with no difficulty. With both arms he reached around Jim and using Jim's erect tool for support, he pulled himself slowly into Jim's body.

The feeling was unique, a real sensual trip, as his cock flowed into Jim's cavern. Within moments their bodies were locked tightly together in such a position that they could feel the touch of each other's body from head to toe. Johnny gripped Jim's cock tightly as he slid his rod slowly out of the hole then pushed himself forcefully back in. He began to stroke Jim's throbbing tool all the while driving his own rod more rapidly in and out of Jim's bunghole. It was only a few minutes before both boys were once again writhing with the ectasy of orgasm. As Johnny's hot cum shot inside Jim's body, Jim thrust forward violently

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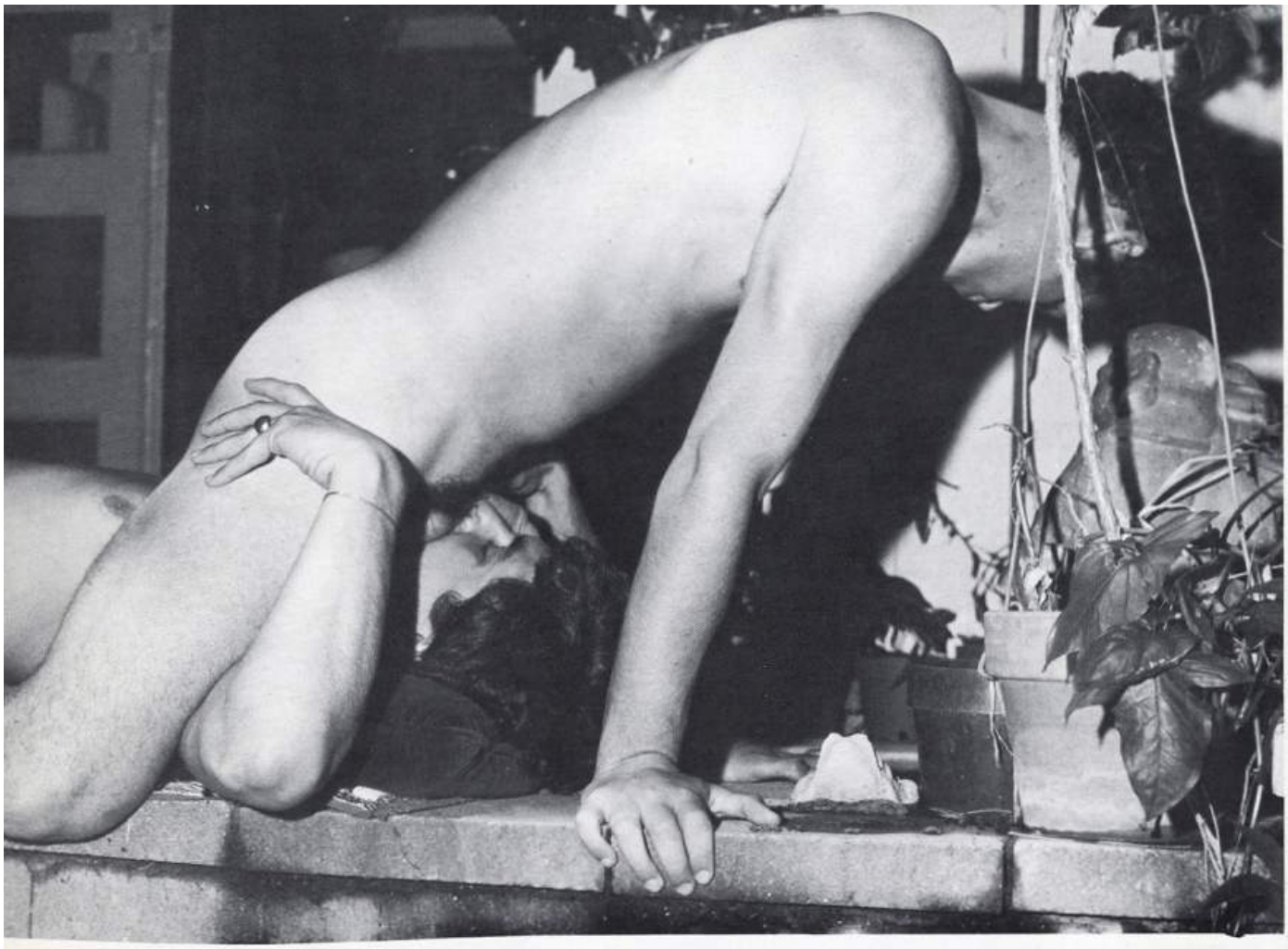

releasing a shower of his own white fluid as Johnny pumped Jim's rod still harder forcing out every drop of the slippery fluid.

After a brief rest the two found an outside faucet and a garden hose and like two small boys at play, took turns washing each other in the cooling spray. The water cascading over their bodies revived them, and they were dressed and ready just as their photographer returned. It was a morning they would both long remember. Each of them looked forward more than ever to the time when they would work together again.

One Look Hardly Ignored

His eyes glazed with pure animal lust, Jean Cardin stood transfixed, his attention riveted on the handsome bronze-skinned lifeguard, Duke Richards. The two had met mere hours before at the beach, and now they were here together in Duke's oceanside apartment. From the first moment Jean had seen Duke's muscular body, he had been unable to take his eyes away, and when the first opportunity had presented itself, he had struck up a conversation with the congenial lifeguard. To his amazement Duke had invited him over for a drink after Duke got off from work. Instinctively, each of them had sensed the other's desire, and now, in the silence of Duke's room with the afternoon sunlight filtering through the shades, they prepared to make love.

Jean's trunks already lay on the floor around his ankles and his thumping organ stood out stiff and waiting as he watched Duke slowly unfasten his shorts and slide them off. Jean's heartbeat quickened as he stared at the lifeguard's gorgeous golden frame and the massive hunk of manhood that hung between his legs. He felt his entire body go weak with anticipation.

Duke's strong arms found him, wrapped around his waist and pulled him up close in a fierce embrace. Then the two boys fell together onto the bed. For a brief time Jean merely lay enjoying the touch of Duke's strong fingers as they massaged his body. His arms and legs were just so many limp muscle fibers in Duke's powerful hands. Then suddenly Jean's whole body began to tingle and burn as Duke took Jean's swollen tool into his mouth.

Jean's swollen rod completely filled Duke's mouth, and he stretched his lips wide in order to get the thick round meat into his mouth. Duke darted his tongue into the large slit on the head of Jean's tool and tasted the first sweet lubricating juices.

Regaining some control Jean reached over and found Duke's mammoth rod which was even larger than his own. It was already erect and begging for attention. He ran his tongue across the head of Duke's cock sending a shiver through the lifeguard's body. Opening his mouth wide he inserted the rigid pole into his mouth. Sliding his mouth further up the shaft, he soon felt the head of Duke's pole going farther back into his throat. Then slowly he began to lick down the side of Duke's shaft into his soft moist pubic hair.

Cupping Duke's golden sac in his hand, he squeezed gently on the large round orbs within, feeling Duke's pelvis jerk slightly as the pang of pleasure-pain shot through him. He bit lightly into the hair-rimmed bag, pulling the skin with his teeth. While he slowly massaged Duke's steaming pole up and down the shaft, he sucked one of Duke's large balls into his mouth and rolled it across his tongue. Duke's body jerked involuntarily as Jean let the sperm-filled testicle flow out of his mouth and sucked the other one in.

He began to lick the sensitive skin along Duke's inner thigh and then pulling Duke's legs up slightly, he inserted his tongue into the crack of Duke's white untanned buttocks. With a moan Duke let Jean's cock slip from his mouth and in seconds he was pressing his large white melons down onto Jean's face. Jean willingly parted Duke's tight buttocks and stuck his face up into the deep valley between them. Sweat dripped down from the inside of those beautiful mounds onto Jean's face, and he was bathed with the taste and scent of Duke's hidden cave. He pressed his tongue up against the circular muscle at the entrance to Duke's rectum and found that it responded agreeably to his touch. With the tip of his tongue in Duke's canal, he began to wash the inside of the narrow cavern.

The lifeguard began to grind his buttocks harder into Jean's face until Jean was nearly lost inside that dark divide.

Duke leaned forward and took Jean's throbbing tool into his hand while at the same time he began to stroke his own pounding rod.

As Duke felt the moist mouth sucking at his bunghole and Jean's tongue flicking in and out of his tight cave, he was overcome by the churning in his loins. He stroked harder on the two stiff cocks he grasped tightly in his hands.

Deep inside their groins came the beginning of orgasm until their bodies began to heave uncontrollably as the first drops of hot white fluid shot out of their cocks simultaneously. As he felt the cum rushing up his rod, Jean pulled his legs up under himself forcing his pelvis high into the air while Duke pumped every ounce from Jean's steaming pole. Reaching around Duke's legs Jean pulled Duke's buttocks down onto his face so that Jean's tongue was buried so deeply in Duke's canal that he could stretch it no further out of his mouth. Duke's body waved back and forth as the white drops of sperm shot like lava from the head of his rod falling in warm puddles onto Jean's chest.

And that was only the beginning . . . before the

evening shadows drew on, the boys had explored each other fully, thrilling to every delight they could imagine. Duke's energies appeared to be endless as he probed every inch of Jean's body, licking and tasting the boy's salty-sweet treasures. He seemed to Jean to have an endless reserve and was still ready for more when, at length, Jean insisted that he would have to be leaving.

Happy, and more than satisfied, Jean dragged himself home. He thought to himself with a chuckle, as he walked wearily home, that he had discovered a whole new meaning to the word "life" in lifeguard!

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